

The Critic

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Mr. Lowell at Sixty-nine.

How is it that a man whose speech at a public dinner is a beacon of hope in the sight of one political party and a brand of destruction in that of another, can turn aside from the consideration of a burning question of the day to publish a poem such as 'Endymion,' in this month's *Atlantic*? How is it that the statesman whose utterance on a question of public policy ranks second in significance only to the President's Message that called it forth, can be at the same time the author of the most truly poetic, perhaps, of all the poems written of late years in the English language? Is it a question of 'heredity,' or of 'environment'—or both?

Of both, we should say. It is because the man is a poet that he cultivates the Muses with such happy results; it is because he is a citizen of a republic that he addresses himself so effectively to the discussion of political issues. It is natural for a poet to feel an absorbing interest in the problems of the day, but less usual for him to take a practical part in their solution. It would be hard to fancy Tennyson or Browning addressing a public meeting on the Irish question; but it excites no wonder in America to find Bryant shaping the policy of a daily newspaper, and directly influencing the course of local, even national, affairs; or Lowell representing his country at a foreign court, or leading popular sentiment at home on so prosaic a question as that of tariff reform. What with his address as presiding officer at the Authors' Readings in November, his vigorous political speech in Boston in December, his long and beautiful poem in *The Atlantic*, and his delightfully humorous and acute comment on Landor, accompanying the letters of that poet in the current *Century*, Mr. Lowell, on the eve of his sixty-ninth birthday, presents the spectacle of a mind richly endowed by nature, thoroughly trained in the schools, ripened and seasoned by a wide experience of life, and acting in various directions with the minimum of restraint and the maximum opportunity of effective achievement. His powers were, of course, largely inherited; but for the chance to exert them with the greatest freedom and effect, he is indebted to the form of the Government under which he lives.

There is no touch of politics—no suggestion of Tariff Reform, International Copyright, or other 'burning question'—in the imaginative and musical opening lines of his 'Mystical Comment on Titian's Sacred and Profane Love':

My day began not till the twilight fell,
And, lo, in ether from heaven's sweetest well,
The New Moon swam divinely isolate
In maiden silence, she that makes my fate
Haply not knowing it, or only so—
As I the secrets of my sheep may know;
Nor ask I more, entirely blest if she,
In letting me adore, ennoble me
To height of what the Gods meant making man,
As only she and her best beauty can.
Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind
Seed of that glad surrender of the will
That finds in service self's true purpose still.

As Endymion gazes in rapture at the Moon, swimming divinely isolate in the cool depths of heaven,

—fairer even than Peace is when she comes
Hushing War's tumult, and retreating drums
Fade to a murmur like the sough of bees
Hidden among the noon-stilled linden-trees,—

his fancy works itself to the belief that it is no star, but a woman, or at least a goddess, that he sees:

My heightened fancy with its touches warm
Moulds to a woman's that ideal form;
Nor yet a woman's wholly, but divine
With awe her purer essence bred in mine.

This 'peerless Shape' he worships at first, as before he worshipped the Moon; but in a little while,

like wine
Her eyes, in mine poured, phrenzy-philtered mine;
Passion put Worship's priestly raiment on
And to the woman knelt, the goddess gone.

Long she abides 'aloof there in her heaven,' but at last he feels her presence near him upon earth,—

Here in these shadowy woods and brook-lulled dells,
Moulded of mind-mist that broad day dispels.

The thought that this 'heaven-habitant' may have become mortal for his sake, sends tingling through his veins a 'sense of unwarmed renewal.'

I, the dead,
Receive and house again the ardor fled
As once Alcestis; to the ruddy brim
Feel masculine virtue flooding every limb,
And life, like Spring returning, brings the key
That sets my senses from their winter free,
Dancing like naked fauns too glad for shame.

I cannot curb my hope's imperious drift
That wings with fire my dull mortality;
Though fancy-forged, 'tis all I feel or see.

The goddess disappears;

round Latmos' darkening brow
Trembles the parting of her presence now;

but reappears anon in the heavens, and to his invocation,
If dream, turn real! If a vision, stay!

yields half-acquiescence by visiting him in dreams.

With silence-sandalled Sleep she comes to me,
But softer-footed, sweeter-browed than she.

In dreams I see her lay the goddess down
With bow and quiver, and her crescent-crown
Flicker and fade away to dull eclipse
As down to mine she deigns her longed-for lips;
And as her neck my happy arms enfold,
Flooded and lusted with her loosened gold,
She whispers words each sweeter than a kiss;
Then, wakened with the shock of sudden bliss,
My arms are empty, my awakener fled,
And, silent in the silent sky o'erhead,
But coldly as on ice-plated snow, she gleams,
Herself the mother and the child of dreams.

With the awakening comes remorse; his 'fool's prayer' has been granted, and his ideal is now dimmed, his 'statue virgin-limbed' is soiled with incense-smoke poured too profusely by 'her chosen priest.'

Goddess, reclimb thy heaven and be once more
An inaccessible splendor to adore,
A faith, a hope of such transcendent worth
As bred ennobling discontent with earth;
Give back the longing, back the elated mood
That, fed with thee, spurned every meaner good;

Give back the need to worship that still pours
Down to the soul that virtue it adores!
Nay, brightest and most beautiful, deem naught
These frantic words, the reckless wind of thought;
Still stoop, still grant,—I live but in thy will;
Be what thou wilt, but be a woman still!

Goddess Triform, I own thy triple spell,
My heaven's queen,—queen, too, of my earth and hell!

We have said nothing of the peculiar beauties of 'Endymion,' some of which, though not all, are exemplified in the passages selected for quotation. From these the quality of the poem may be inferred. It is highly imaginative, yet absolutely free from extravagance of thought or diction; concise, vigorous, graphic, musical; perfect in its proportions;—the work of a poet, with the poet's feeling for the picturesque in language chastened by the scholar's precision in its use. We have quoted enough, not to satisfy, but to awaken curiosity—enough, that is, to give the reader who has not seen it some conception of the surpassing loveliness of a poem, produced in 'the twilight of the poets,' and by an active partaker in the prosaic affairs of the day. If the author were not to enter upon his seventieth year next week, we should say that Mr. Stedman's 'twilight' was the crepuscule that precedes the sunrise—or rather no twilight at all, but the full light of day.

The paper in *The Century*, introducing a number of unpublished letters from Landor to Miss Mary Boyle, is as good in its way as 'Endymion'—its way being that of criticism enlivened by reminiscence. Nothing could be more acute, nothing more just and delicately appreciative than the estimate of Landor's prose and verse. It would be hard, at the same time, to recall anything more humorous, graphic and suggestive than the report of the interview with the old (though hardly venerable) poet, at Bath, in '52. Take this bit of criticism of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' and try to improve it either in justness of thought or felicity of expression:

It might almost seem that he sought and found an equivoque for his hasty violence of conduct in the equanimity of his literary manner. I think he had little dramatic faculty. The creations of his thought do not detach themselves from it and become objective. He lived almost wholly in his own mind, and in a world of his own making which his imagination peopled with casts after the antique. His 'Conversations' were imaginary in a truer sense than he intended, for it is images rather than persons that converse with each other in them. Pericles and Phocion speak as we might fancy their statues to speak,—nobly indeed, but with the cold nobleness of marble. He had fire enough in himself, but his pen seems to have been a non-conductor between it and his personages. . . . And yet, with all his remoteness, I can think of no author who has oftener brimmed my eyes with tears of admiration or sympathy. When we have made all deductions, he remains great and, above all, individual.

Ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Lowell tried to condense his judgment of Landor into the following pair of quatrains, written in a copy of that writer's works 'given to a dear young friend on her marriage':

A villa fair, with many a devious walk
Darkened with deathless laurels from the sun,
Ample for troops of friends in mutual talk,
Green Chartreuse for the reverie of one;
Fixed here in marble, Rome and Athens gleam:
Here is Arcadia, here Elysium too;
Anon an English voice disturbs our dream,
And Landor's self can Landor's spell undo.

The characterization of Landor, on page 514, is inimitable in style; and the anecdote, related on the same page, of 'the portrait of my ancestor Walter Noble, Speaker of one of Charles First's Parliaments,' is as pointed as it is polished. Whatever the parish-register may say, Mr. Lowell has still many years of youth, or at worst of middle-age, before him.

Two New Presidents.

Two important educational offices were filled last week, as far as the action of the governing bodies is concerned,—the Presidencies of Princeton College and of the Union Theological Seminary. The appointees are both well-known men, of high standing, respected by wide circles whose respect is an honor, and closely identified with the institutions to whose highest executive position they have been respectively chosen. As we write, we understand that neither has yet signified his acceptance, but favorable responses are hoped for from both.

The Union Theological Seminary has for more than fifty years been doing a steady and solid work in this city, such as to entitle it not only to the affectionate regard of the Churches to which it has supplied pastors, and the Colleges and Seminaries which have drawn their instructors from it, but also to the confidence and support of the citizens of New York. It appeals to civic pride, as an honorable witness to the fact that New York is great not only in wealth, but also in intellect and moral force. To this deserved reputation no living man has contributed more than the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., whom the Directors, on Feb. 7, unanimously and heartily chose to the office of 'President of the Faculty.' This office, not usual in the divinity schools of the Presbyterian Church, was connected with the Union Seminary at the very beginning, and was held, successively, by Drs. Thomas McAuley and Joel Parker. It was suffered to lapse in 1842, but wisely revived in 1873; and under Dr. William Adams, until 1880, and since that year under Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, whose sudden and lamented death last summer left it once more vacant, it has been an office of great responsibility and great influence. Dr. Hastings, if he accept, will be a worthy successor of these eminent men. He was born in New York in 1827, graduated from Hamilton College in 1848 and from the Union Seminary in 1851. For twenty-five years he was pastor of the West Presbyterian Church of this city, and resigned to accept, in 1881, after the death of Dr. Adams, the Brown Professorship of Sacred Rhetoric in the Seminary. From 1864 he had been a Director of the Seminary; he is intimately acquainted with its history, and in full sympathy with its traditions. He has displayed, in all his public relations, marked executive ability, breadth of view, and tact in dealing with men. As a preacher and pastor he was warmly admired and loved, and his church gave him up to the Seminary with keen regret. He is an accomplished, courteous and high-minded gentleman, with clear convictions, and the courage of them, but generous, tolerant and considerate. Since he has been Professor, he has been the object of a peculiarly affectionate regard from the students and from his colleagues in the Faculty. His practical acquaintance with religious work in this city, the cordial respect entertained toward him by the churches throughout the country, and the feeling of his brother-alumni toward him as one of their most warmly esteemed and revered fellows, will not be the least elements in his power, if he shall decide to accept the new responsibilities. The Presidency will in that case be connected with his Professorship, and the students will enjoy his efficient instruction, as well as his wise administration.

Though President McCosh's resignation has not yet taken effect, the question of his successor has been a topic of public discussion for some months. Since the names of several supposed candidates have been unofficially mentioned, and even advocated, in the free parliament of the newspapers, it is not unlikely that there are a few disappointed Princetonians, now that, at their meeting on Feb. 9, the unanimous choice of the Princeton Trustees has fallen upon the Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D. The fact that those upon whom the actual duty of the appointment rests, are thus, and with so little delay, proved to be of one mind, ought to unite all friends of this famous 'College of New Jersey' in hearty acceptance of their decision, and enthusiastic support of Dr. Patton. We do not doubt that it will be so. Dr. Patton was not a student in the College, but he was graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1865, and after vigorous service in several pastorates, and nine years of theological teaching in Chicago, returned to Princeton in 1881 to become a Professor in the Seminary in the new department of the Relations of Philosophy and Science to the Christian Religion, and at the same time to give instruction in Ethics in the College, where for some time past he has also held a Professorship. In the earlier part of his career he displayed a remarkable ecclesiastical activity, and did not escape the charge of being over-zealous, but the Church at

large has admired and honored him, and in 1878 he was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Pittsburgh. In recent years he has been almost wholly occupied with assiduous professional labors. In 1882 he became one of the editors of *The Presbyterian Review*,—the most scholarly of our theological quarterlies,—and has frequently contributed to other periodicals. He has a keen mind, is an acute critic, a dialectician of great ability, the possessor of a clear and effective literary style, and a stimulating teacher. He will represent the College everywhere with dignity and aptness of speech. If his new opportunities shall show him to be also an organizer, and a master of administrative details, it is evident that he will make his mark as President. Like Dr. McCosh, he is not a native American, having been born in Bermuda, in 1843. We cannot doubt that it will add to his influence if he shall see his way clear to becoming an American citizen, which we understand he has not yet done. We can wish for him nothing better than that when he, after a long and faithful service, may, like his honored predecessor, think it wise to retire from the Presidency, it may be felt and avowed that through his devotion to its interests, Princeton has more than made good its claim to a place in the front rank of the distinctively American colleges.

Mary Howitt.

'MARY HOWITT is dead.' The younger generation look up from the breakfast-table with interrogation in their eyes. 'Why, surely, you have heard of William and Mary Howitt?' 'O yes, of course; of *William and Mary Howitt*.' The two names are as indissolubly connected in the thoughts of most of us, and suggest as little separately, as the Christian names of the royal William and Mary of English history. Owing, perhaps, to the traditions of their early Quaker life, the husband and wife have never been known as Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, and were, indeed, frequently supposed by their readers to be brother and sister. Mrs. Howitt has often spoken smilingly to friends of the innumerable letters requesting her autograph, and adding: 'Will you please ask your brother to send me his also?' The life of the two is proverbial for its rare sweetness of married happiness; exemplifying not only, like that of the Brownings, the possibility of an exquisite harmony between two finely-strung artistic temperaments, but also of a rare union in work as well as in love. Like the perfect marriage and wedded labor of the Cowden-Clarks and the Halls, the work of the Howitts is always thought of together, though each did much alone.

It is well to recall definitely exactly what we owe to them; for Mary Howitt's career has been such a long one that many of us may have forgotten how much she did in the distant past to win the beautiful regard in which she has been held, and how much she has left that is still worthy of our notice. So long a life (she was nearly ninety when she died) must inevitably contain items of much interest; and quiet as the life of the Howitts always was—a very apotheosis of inward and outward peace,—it was not without profound spiritual depths. Both had been born Quakers, but Mary received a more liberal education than most young Quakeresses, studying French, Latin and chemistry, and even dabbling stealthily in imaginative and dramatic literature. When the two kindred souls came together, they drifted gradually away from Quakerism and became ardent Spiritualists; while finally the rumor came that their daughter had become a Catholic, and again later that Mary Howitt had herself gone over to Rome. Their outward life, too, knew many changes; never a restless flickering and fluttering from uneasy wandering about, but always a scholarly tranquillity preserved in changing scenes, as they made their home in England, or at Heidelberg, or in the Tyrol, or set sail for Australia.

The list of their works is a very long one, and much that they wrote of great interest at the time will necessarily suffer the ephemeral fame of the greater part of literature. But it

is worth while to remember that at a period when translations were not so rife as at present, we owed to Mary Howitt our first knowledge of the charming work of Fredeicka Bremer, and of much of Hans Andersen's. In the latter part of her life she took great interest in her husband's protest against vivisection. Her verses were deservedly popular when they appeared, and some of them are well worthy of being preserved for future generations. Such are the lovely imaginative stanzas of the poem, 'The Fairies of the Caldron Low,' which is marked with rare grace and poetic power, and which ought to be a favorite with the next generation as it was with the last. The Howitts's daughter will be remembered as the author of 'The Art Student in Munich,' which was greatly liked; and every association of these rare and lovely lives that could possibly come before the public would make but one long beautiful record of intelligence and of love, wedded into a harmony unspeakably sweet and calm, while full of the feeling that comes from wide cosmopolitan interests as well as individual tenderness, from strong convictions as well as gentle reflection, and from intellectual insight as well as sympathetic appreciation. In this age of hectic triumphs, and luxurious craving for the sensational, it is well to pause a moment and give thought to the beauty of a life that was not gentle because it was dull, but was as bright as it was tranquil. We need not pray for her, 'May she rest in peace'; in naught else but peace could that strong and tender soul abide; but we may well pray for ourselves that something of her peace may abide with us.

A. W. R.

Reviews

Mr. Stevenson as Friend and Biographer.*

ONE is always interested in the turn a many-sided talent may take. It is like a gold-fish in a vase of crystal, darting and twinkling hither and thither: one never knows against what point of the compass the sparkling creature is going to run its nose. So with our 'voyaging,' 'donkey-travelling,' 'story-telling,' 'kidnapped' contemporary, who is a very gold-fish in his twinkling incalculability—now darting into 'New Arabian Nights,' now revelling in tale and fable, now shut up in a *hortus inclusus* of child's verse, anon sinking deep down in his 'memories' or straying in the 'underwoods' where Echo and her lost chords play hide-and-seek. And now this long and tapering career of an Idle Man catches fire at the end over a friend, and sends forth a beautiful light of biography wherein the fuel that feeds the wick is both love and genius. The friend is one of whom the biographer can say: 'It was in the world, in the commerce of friendship, by his brave attitude towards life, by his high moral value and unwearied intellectual effort, that he struck the minds of his contemporaries. His was an individual figure, such as authors delight to draw, and all men to read of, in the pages of a novel. His was a face worth painting for its own sake.' If we have a fault to find, indeed, it is that these pages read only too much like romance,—yet romance whose highest justification is its truth. We feel as if the author of 'Markheim' and 'Olalla' were playing tricks with us, especially in such passages as that where he introduces the young Jenkin to us as the 'scion of two doomed and declining races.' And yet the man's whole career, with its impulsive force, its sunny ardor eventually eclipsed, its streak of mental disease, its interwoven and complicated threads of heredity, its 'thwartness' and loveliness, its early-smothered brilliance, shows us that the portraiture is taken from real life. There are too many features in it that could be gathered only from life, for us to maintain with any plausibility that the portrait is ideal.

Fleeming (pronounced *flemming*) Jenkin was an engineer of great abilities, a pioneer in submarine telegraphy, a Professor at the University of Edinburgh in Stevenson's days,

* Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin. By Robert Louis Stevenson. \$1. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

and an electro-statist whose singular achievements and inventiveness are commemorated in an appendix written by Sir William Thompson, F.R.S., whose lifelong friend he was. He was a man who was 'not only worn out with sorrow,—he was worn out by hope.' His strange Stocktonesque invention called 'telpherage' made him speak of himself as 'simply Alnaschar—beholding about him a world all changed, a world filled with telpherage-wires, and seeing not only himself and family but all his friends enriched.' In his household-surroundings we have glimpses of an Old-World family: of his father Captain Jenkin, 'the charm of whose sailor's cheerfulness and ancient courtesy, as he lay dying, is not to be described,' lying there waiting for news from Gordon and Khartoum; of his high-strung, imperious mother, full of Bohemian gifts and accomplishments, full of the fire and the blood of the Scotch Campbells quickened and impassioned by West Indian heat; of his wife, whom he first fell in love with because as a young girl she had the courage to correct him in a false quantity; of his stirring, inventive boys, making steamboats and steam-engines almost before they themselves could toddle; of Fleeming himself, 'whose porcupine ways to those who had tasted the real sweetness of his nature, had always been a matter of keen regret: it was not possible to look on with patience while a man so lovable thwarted love at every step.' A nature made up of honey and gall, like this, is indeed hard to fathom; but Mr. Stevenson has invented a deep-sea sounding apparatus to fathom it. Listen to his summing-up—no 'Scotch verdict' withal:

It was no wonder if he loved the Greeks; he was in many ways a Greek himself; he should have been a sophist and met Socrates; he would have loved Socrates, and done battle with him staunchly, and manfully owned his defeat; and the dialogue, arranged by Plato, would have shown even in Plato's gallery. He seemed in talk aggressive, petulant, full of a singular energy; as vain you would have said as a peacock, until you trod on his toes, and then you saw that he was at least clear of all the sicklier elements of vanity. Soundly rang his laugh at any jest against himself. He wished to be taken, as he took others, for what was good in him without dissimulation of the evil, for what was wise in him without concealment of the childish. He hated a draped virtue, and despised a wit on its own defence. And he drew (if I may so express myself) a human and humorous portrait of himself with all his defects and qualities, as he thus enjoyed in talk the robust sports of the intelligence; giving and taking manfully, always without pretence, always with paradox, always with exuberant pleasure; speaking wisely of what he knew, foolishly of what he knew not; a teacher, a learner, but still combative; picking holes in what was said even to the length of captiousness, yet aware of all that was said rightly; jubilant in victory, delighted by defeat: a Greek sophist, a British schoolboy.

Happy the student who has such a professor!—happy the friend who has such a biographer!

"The Lord's Lay."*

THE BHAGAVAD GĪTĀ, a famous episode of the great Indian epic, the Mahābhārata, has been several times translated into English and other European languages by eminent Sanskrit scholars. It is now presented to us by a Hindoo gentleman, resident in this country, who offers it, not as an illustration of his native literature, but as a means of conveying to western readers a correct knowledge of the tenets of Hindoo theology, and a just appreciation of their worth. The Vedas, of course, are the true Indian Scriptures. But the greatest of Hindoo commentators has styled the Bhagavad Gītā 'the collected essence of all the Vedas.' As containing the most authentic summary of the religious doctrines of India, the translator now tenders it to the candid consideration of the whole English-speaking community. Mr. Chatterji is a man of wide information and of liberal mind. He reverences the Christian Bible, and is confident that a study of it in connection with 'the blessed Bhagavad Gītā' will show that the 'Word of God' is always one and does

not change with time,—that, in short, 'the two sets of Scriptures, though differing in nomenclature, embody the same Truth.' With this view, he illustrates the text of the Lay with frequent references to what he deems corresponding passages of the New Testament. He has added, also, large extracts from the most esteemed native commentators, and such explanations as seemed to him needed to make the meaning of the original clear to readers not familiar with Indian literature.

The style of the version is, in general, remarkably clear and idiomatic. The translator's zeal and evident sincerity in what may be styled his missionary efforts, as well as the largeness of his sympathies, win the reader's regard. It is evident that we have in this volume as favorable an exposition as we can well expect of the religious belief which rules the opinions and the conduct of one-seventh part of the human race. This translation, with the full commentaries and notes, will be acceptable to all scholars who desire to obtain their information on this subject at first hand, and not through the refracting medium of foreign compilations. Especially interesting to the student will be the authentic evidence thus presented by the best native authority, that notwithstanding some superficial resemblances in forms of expression, the Vedaic religion, in its view of the Deity as the sole reality and of all else as mere illusion, in its preference of pious contemplation to benevolent activity, and in its anti-human caste-system, is at the very opposite pole to Christianity.

A History of Beggars and Vagrancy.*

It is difficult to give due praise to Mr. Ribton-Turner's 'History of Vagrants and Vagrancy' without seeming to praise too highly; hard to criticise it without appearing captious. It is rather a collection of data than a history, properly so called. It shows great industry in hunting out facts and records and, occasionally, much perspicacity in explaining their true meaning; yet a great deal has been omitted that might have made the work more valuable; documents have been given *in extenso* which might have been summarized with advantage; and now and then a conclusion is drawn without premises; and much that is sure to puzzle the general reader is left without necessary explanation. The writer's intention was admirable. It was 'to trace out the vicissitudes of the servile classes from the time they are servile by inheritance or by destiny, until they become free members of society, and leave only a remnant who are servile or abject from choice, and whose history becomes a record of hypocrisy, humbug, and habitual idleness.' His performance is admirable also, but in quite another way. What he does is to quote or give the substance of a great number of documents of all sorts, statutes, satires, chap-books, ordinances, bearing on the causes and history of vagrancy and mendicancy in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany and other countries. It is needless to say that none of these sources of information is to be taken as gospel.

Mr. Ribton-Turner points out that, in many cases, acts of Parliament have been based on the most inhumane theories; and, at times, upon intentional falsehoods. These warnings are often enough reiterated to make the careful reader beware of drawing definite conclusions from the evidence here presented; and the author sets him a good example by being very chary of generalizations. Yet some of the few which he does indulge in are by no means beyond question. Thus, while the principal causes of abject poverty in the past are made out to have been war, famine, pestilence, and (last but not least) the impoverishment through political and economic changes of wealthy and idle classes, he assumes that these causes are inoperative, or nearly so, to-day, although a war, the most humanely conducted in all history, has filled this country with an army

* The Bhagavad Gītā; or, The Lord's Lay. With Commentary and Notes. Tr. from the Sanskrit by Mohini M. Chatterji, M.A. \$1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

* A History of Vagrants and Vagrancy and Beggars and Begging. By C. J. Ribton-Turner. \$3.40. New York: Scribner & Welford.

of tramps; and although, at the present moment and right under his eyes, a large privileged class, instead of preparing for an inevitable reform, is foolishly pursuing a course which, for the majority of its members, can only end in beggary. It is probably true, as he intimates in the closing chapter, that a man must be worthless when he commences to beg; but he may not always have been so; and his fall may not have been due entirely to his own weakness or wickedness. The practical recommendations which he makes show that, at least, he is of this way of feeling; for he wishes reformatory legislation to be tried instead of penal; and, while he condemns indiscriminate charity, he advises that the large sums wasted on it (3,000,000*l.* yearly, in England and Wales) be applied in systematic efforts at prevention of some of the causes of extreme poverty in London and other great cities.

Naturally, the book is in a high degree curious; full of details about low life in mediæval Europe; about the origin of argot and slang; about many kinds of beggars and bullies, crumb-foxes, Tories, glimmerers, and billies-in-the-bowl. There are illustrations from old prints and modern photographs, a general index and several special indices.

Some Western Poems.*

MINSTRELS latent on the prairies!

cries Whitman proudly,

(Shrouded bards of other lands! you may sleep, you have done your work;)

Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

It is curious to contrast with this exultant prophecy the songs in a minor key that in fact arise from the prairies across which the wave of progress has rolled on toward the setting sun. Whatever the quality, whatever the volume of these voices, most of them possess in some degree a gentle, reactionary melancholy. The land, interpreted by its children, seems a land of afternoon; there is a quiet sadness in the slanting sunbeams. We recognize such pathos as lies in the life of a man yet in full strength, who nevertheless patiently feels himself old, because his most vivid experiences were crowded into an eventful youth.

Such a 'pensiveness, without despondency, as of Indian summer,' Mr. Lowell finds in the verse of John James Piatt; and Mr. Howells in like manner speaks of it as lighted by 'the clear pensive radiance of autumnal eves.' The retrospective tone is notable in the charming volume of selections published under the title 'Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley' (1). The poet pauses by the ruined chimney of the pioneer, among the old apple-trees planted in hope long ago, to 'think a tender thought of vanished fireside faces'; leaving the highway, he saunters along a grass-grown road to the place of forgotten graves; he

Lingers where the living loved to dream of lovely death;
reflecting that to these crumbling stones the mourners come no longer;

Through the loud world they walk, or lie—like those left here at rest—

With two long-folded useless arms on each forgotten breast.

Passing the deserted smithy, once 'dear in the darkness' for its upward burst of sparks, he longs for the smith's kindly face; 'he muses on the pathos of the lost farm lying beneath the city, of the stone-choked well, 'exhaustless, pure and cold,' yet now unvisited and unremembered. (One recalls the pleasant, audacious parody in Taylor's 'Echo Club,' entitled 'The Old Fence-Rail.') The charm of Mr. Piatt's poems is as incommunicable as the breath of new grass. There is nothing morbid in his Indian-summer mood, nor is it constantly, though frequently, upon him. He has his vision of the dead Past rising in flame that new seed may be flung into the earth; he sees the shadowy

Reapers moving 'in some wide harvest of the days to be.' His regret is joined with hope; in his poetry,—natural, pure, delicate in coloring as the evening sky,—the dim old moon is held in the arm of a clear young crescent.

Mr. Benjamin S. Parker has prefaced his 'Cabin in the Clearing' (2) with a disclaimer at once modest and manly. Among 'short-comings and crudities' which he himself acknowledges, one finds true feeling, some happy touches, and a sweet pervading spirit. He recounts the joys and sorrows of the pioneer, roughly expressing the sentiment so finely breathed by Mr. Piatt. The cabin in the clearing is now but dust; a village has replaced the forest; the gray hunter, roaming the fields, dreams of the deer long vanished. The swamps, indeed, no more breed pestilence;

With his long howl of wailing deviltry

The wolf no more sends shivers through the night;

but

Gone with the latch-strings are the welcomes old,

And formal manners now usurp the place

Once filled by love.

Mr. Parker sings of the quilting and the spelling-school, of the 'glorious sugar maple tree,' the song of the thrush, the flaming splendor of the redbud in June. His simplest productions are best. The headings indicate that he supposes any arrangement of fourteen lines to constitute a sonnet. The meditative verse shows the influence of Whittier; but now and then an incongruous trace of Poe surprises the reader. The short poem called 'An Empty Nest' surpasses its companions in grace and finish, and the spontaneous lyrics 'Haste not, joyful Hour,' and 'She was not made for sorrow,' are especially pleasing.

Selections from those poems of the Cary sisters which are not included in the collection 'long accepted as the treasury of their poetical writings,' are now issued in a neat volume (3). In the few poems evidently born of her early surroundings, which may be disengaged from the mass of verse written by Alice Cary, again appears the autumnal sadness, the wistfulness of the contrast between joyous effort and wearied attainment. She, too, paints the grave of the settler's boy on the cheerless, weedy hillside, where he who pauses

thinks of days gone by,

Of hopes long lost, of long-lost care.

But this note in her Western poems is perhaps hardly significant, a disposition to deep mournfulness underlying everything that she produced. Her verse is familiar to us all,—its snatches of wild and haunting melody, its sudden descents, its coloring at once abundant and vague; its ever-recurring theme—love's loss by change or death. One grieves for the monotony of the singer's life, the necessity of constant production. The strain is often as imperfect as the broken music of the whitethroat,—

Pathetic singer! with no strength to sing,

And wasted pinions far too weak to bear

The body's weight that mars the singing soul.

Stanley's Historical Memorials of Westminster.*

DESPITE his personal popularity, his eminent abilities, and his long and brilliant list of other writings, we are inclined to believe that Dean Stanley's 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey' will be the book best and longest known to posterity. Excellent in many respects as was his historical work, it was pervaded with a certain tone of controversy which, while it served the purpose of the day and generation, tends to lose value as the years roll by. In none of his books do we find the same calmness, restraint, and sobriety as in this book of the Abbey, in which the mighty scholar seems to bring into harmony the spirit of the age and of the ages. It has now been before the public nearly twenty years, and six editions have been sold in London, while many copies have an honored place in American homes. It is especially treasured by all cis-Atlantic people of English speech who know and appreciate their inheritance in the ancient Abbey.

* 1. *Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*. By John James Piatt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. *The Cabin in the Clearing and Other Poems*. By Benjamin S. Parker. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 3. *Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. 3 vols. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

Messrs. Randolph, the publishers of this first American—a sumptuous large-paper edition—have done well to set forth in worthy dress so valuable a guide to the saintly minister. Of the three volumes, the first is devoted to the Foundation of the Abbey, the Coronations, and the Royal tombs. The text is in the inimitable style of the historian of the Jewish Church—clear, picturesque, a mosaic of allusion, and dight with wit and genial humor. The wealth of foot-notes shows how broad was the scholarship and how wide was the reading of this man, who, from a little child, was at home in history; and who practiced what he preached, as to verifying his references. The illustrations consist of a frontispiece, etchings, wood-cuts and plate copies of famous paintings. Chronological tables, analytical tables of contents, and a copious index supply the desired furnishings which so valuable a work ought to have. In the second volume, the monuments are described in detail, and in this part are given a great many curious bits of antiquarian lore and scraps of local history. Volume third, which is rich in illustrations, treats of the ecclesiastical history of the minster and associated houses before and since the Reformation. The monastery, the monks, the almonry, the cloisters, the jewel house, and the life in all the various parts of the holy place are pictured with rare power. The great councils and gatherings which have made the edifice famous, apart from its being the place of coronation and burial of kings, are also portrayed. What power Dean Stanley had in historical word-portraiture and painting all who have read the 'History of the Eastern Church' know full well. An abundance of anecdotes enlivens the pages, as with the magic of genius the dead heroes of the past are made to live again. The closing chapter, a general summary, is a fine piece of chaste eloquence. 'In Westminster Abbey, one thinks not of the builder; the religion of the place makes the first impression, and though stripped of its shrines and altars, it is nearer converting one to Popery than all the regular pageantry of Roman domes. One must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture; one only wants passion to feel Gothic.'

Recent Fiction.

'THE STORY of Antony Grace, by G. Manville Fenn (D. Appleton & Co.), has much to commend it, being comparatively free from the sensational elements of Fenn's novels. It is the story of a little gentleman who is defrauded by his father's lawyer and so cruelly treated that he finally runs away. His adventures suggest Dickens, and yet are sufficiently original; many of the characters, such as the policeman and his lady-love, having a piquancy all their own. Some of the events and people are rather hackneyed, especially the troubles of the struggling and unsuccessful inventor; but on the whole the book is much better than such a one as 'The Master of the Ceremonies.'—'MRS. PENICOTT'S LODGER,' by Lady Sophia Palmer (Macmillan & Co.), was suggested, the author tells us, by a picture by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It seems a little incongruous to associate Rossetti with a title of almost New England plainness, and there is nothing whatever in the story which need have been suggested by anything but the author's own fancy and reading. A few other short stories are bound with it, the scenes being laid in many different countries, with frequent touches of gentle pathos.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S 'Beatrix Randolph' now appears in Ticknor's Paper Series. It will be remembered as a very unrealistic and not very profitable story of an impossible *prima donna's* impossible *début*; but the opening chapter contains some very pretty and complimentary paragraphs about American young womanhood, which make us wish that Mr. Hawthorne would oftener treat of what is lovely in human nature, instead of what is grotesque or evil. One of his sentences lingers in the memory with a pleasant fragrance, when he speaks of our never growing as callous to beauty as we do to pain.—'HERMANN AND THUSNELDA' is a tale of the First Century, translated from the German of Louise Pichler by C. H. S. (New York: Press of A. G. Sherwood & Co.) It is sold as a pamphlet for the benefit of the Ladies' Fund for re-furnishing the rooms of the First Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J. The story will especially interest those who may have noticed among the paintings lately added to the Metropolitan

Museum from the A. T. Stewart collection, a picture called 'Thusnelda, in the triumph of Germanicus.'—'RONDAN,' by Florence Carpenter Dieudonné (Peterson Bros.), purports to be a record of 'Thirty-three Years in a Star.' It opens and closes with the same sentences: "'Monarch of Fate is man, above all destiny. Man yet shall chain the stars; shall drive the harnessed worlds," said Regan Farmington.' All between is a mass of exclamation-points—an average of about eleven to a very small page,—and such phrases as this: 'Duped! duped! duped! I, Roy Lee!'—'GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES,' by Mrs. C. H. Metcalf (Phillips & Hunt), is the story of four young girls and how they learned to find their 'sphere' in the daily duties of ordinary life.

'HARMONIA' (Macmillan & Co.) is the story of a young Englishman who brought his bride to America and established himself in a small town not located very distinctly, but mentioned as being somewhere 'in the New World' and called Harmonia. It is a little hard to judge of the local color, as the color is not definitely located. One begins the first chapter, where the young people are riding together 'through a forest in the New World,' with an impression that they are in South America. Gradually, however, the United States reveals itself, but dimly. It is a region where there are Negroes, and where the people have 'pones' for supper, and where the women explain frequently, 'Well! I admire!' Sometimes the place seems Western, sometimes Southern, and allusions to 'way off by the Mississipp' do not dispel the darkness. Perhaps somewhere in the three hundred pages the district may be definitely mentioned; but it would require an overwhelming desire to know where this very long story was supposed to occur to tempt us to read the whole of it.—'MONA'S CHOICE,' by Mrs. Alexander, is issued in cloth as one of Holt's Leisure Hour Series, and in paper as one of Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library. The author's name is tempting, for while her work has been uneven, much of it has been especially good, and one is always afraid of missing the good. 'Mona' is, however, hardly more than one more novel for the omnivorous, based on the familiar plot of a poor young woman righteously refusing to marry for money, only to find in time that her rich lover is actually a good man to love as well as to marry.

'THE NUN'S CURSE,' by Mrs. J. H. Riddell (D. Appleton & Co.), is about what one might expect from its title—the story of a cruel Irish family, said to be under the ban of a nun who, with others, was turned out from her quiet refuge in days gone by, owing to the heartlessness of the head of the house. It is in no way invigorating or pleasing.—'A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY,' by Mr. Howells, now appears in Ticknor's Paper Series. It is a pleasant little story, belonging to the good old time when Mr. Howells let us like him without insisting that we should not like anybody else. Bound with it are 'At the Sign of the Savage' and 'Tonelli's Marriage.'—'ROY'S REPENTANCE,' by Adeline Sergeant (Holt's Leisure Hour Series), is a sensational and not very original romance, based on nothing but the episodes—and of course the peculiarly unpleasant episodes—in the love-career of 'Roy' on his march to undeserved final conjugal happiness on the last page.—HAROLD ROORBACH publishes in pamphlets two short plays; one, 'The Triple Wedding,' by Chas. Barnard, a drama in three acts; and the other, 'Second Sight,' a farce in one act, by Bernard Herbert.—'A SOCIETY STAR,' by Chandos Fulton (G. W. Dillingham), purports to tell how 'She would be an Actress.' It will not please the fastidious, and ought not to please any one.

'RICHARD CABLE, the Lightshipman' (Lippincott's Select Novels), is another of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's thrilling, touching, entertaining and inspiring stories. The author has a remarkable faculty for acknowledging all the weaknesses of human nature, while leaving you after all with a strong impression of its nobleness. His characters are neither heroes and heroines in the accepted meaning of fiction, nor caricatures of human folly or frailty, appealing merely to the sense of humor. All the follies are there, but also all that ought to make you forget the follies. The characters in 'Richard Cable' have a formidable time in struggling against their own weaknesses. Even Richard himself, who is introduced to us in the lovable act of whiling away the time on his lightship by knitting a little sock for his motherless babe and wishing it had a thousand little feet to be cared for, proves to have a few qualities that come near wrecking all his tenderness and loveliness. How he married a girl above him, loving her desperately, how she married him not caring for him at all, how she wrecked his love and drove him to despair, how he hated her and cast her off, how for the first time she learned to love him after he had cast her off, and how at last they all lived happily ever after, is told with a finish of detail that never tires. The scene where Richard listens

unseen to his wife's talk with his little deformed daughter, expecting every minute to hear her tell the child that her father had dropped her on the floor when he was drunk, only to hear her instead take all the blame upon herself because she had tortured him till he had taken to drink, is one of the most pathetic scenes in fiction.

Emerson's Oriental Texts.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

All students of Emerson must read with interest the passage in Mr. W. S. Kennedy's letter (January 28) in regard to the origin of 'Brahma.' Some of your readers may not have noticed the original thought of 'Hamatreya' in the volume of the Oriental Translation Fund series devoted to the 'Vishnu Purana.' There is a noble passage at the end of Book Fourth, where Parasará relates to Maitreya the song of the earth to the kings who profess to own her. Emerson has popularized the whole thought, borrowing almost literally the words 'Earth laughs, as if smiling with autumnal flowers'—or, as he puts it,

Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs.

The original concludes, 'These were the verses, Maitreya, which Earth recited, and by listening to which ambition fades away, like snow before the sun.' Emerson's close is

When I heard the Earth-song
I was no longer brave;
My avarice failed
Like lust in the chill of the grave.

This book also I found in the Harvard College Library, having read it about 1850, not long after the publication of Emerson's first volume of poems. He may very probably have used the same copy. I think that Thoreau received the whole series of Oriental Translation Fund publications, as a gift from Clough and others, but that must have been later.

Emerson may also have had in mind the passage in the Book of Psalms (XLIX., 11), 'Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue forever and their dwelling-places unto all generations; they call their lands after their own names. Nevertheless man abideth not.' But his main debt was to the Oriental book; and he gave a clew to it by the title, in his favorite way; just as 'Étienne de la Boëce' sends us to Montaigne's youthful friend and his treatise 'De la Servitude Involuntaire' composed at sixteen, and having a passage about friendship which may have suggested the poem. See also Sterling's 'Essays,' I., 149.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 9, 1888.

T. W. H.

Verses from a Sailor's Tombstone.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

With this I send some lines which I copied from a tombstone in St. Brelade's Churchyard, Island of Jersey. They are so felicitous in their imagery that, if for no other reason, I venture to think you will account them worthy of being preserved in print.

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;
Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
Repented, and resigned him to the grave.
In harbor, safe from shipwreck now he lies,
Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies.
Refitted in a moment shall he be
Sail from this port on an eternal sea!

NEW YORK, Feb. 13, 1888.

H. C. P.

The Lounger

THERE are some pleasures to be got out of riches, after all—not the least being the ability to own a decorated piano. As a rule, the ugliest thing in a drawing-room is the piano, for what reason, no one but a piano-manufacturer can tell. Some few years ago I asked a well-known maker if he could not let me have a piano before he had ruined the case with varnish, so that I might have it decorated. He said he could; but he raised so many objections—saying,

among other things, that the tone would be ruined—that I gave up the idea in disgust. But other people, possibly with more perseverance than I have, and more leisure for argument, have insisted upon having their pianos made as they wanted them. The result has been that Americans now own some of the most beautiful pianos that have ever been made.

THE OTHER DAY, as I was walking along the unfashionable side of Washington Square—the South side—I met Mr. Francis Lathrop, who saw me just as he was disappearing down a cellarway, and asked me if I didn't want to go inside and see a piano he was decorating. I said that nothing would give me greater pleasure; and the words, uttered in a somewhat conventional spirit, proved prophetic. I don't know when I have seen anything in the way of decorative painting that has delighted me so much as the work Mr. Lathrop has done on this instrument, intended for the music-room in the house of Mr. W. H. Weld, of Boston. The body of the piano is an ivory white, ornamented with dull gold to harmonize with the room. The piano is a Chickering 'baby' grand, and the most important part of the decorative painting is on the inside of the lid. The design represents cherubs and flowers, and there is much scroll-work, all done in the daintiest manner possible, with no obtrusive color, but all in a low key and more like the work on an ivory miniature than anything I can think of. Do you mean to tell me that the music of Chopin, and Mozart and Wagner will not sound better issuing from that case than it would from one of ordinary varnished rosewood!

A PROTECTIVE tariff has its advantages. At least I hope so. It assuredly has its disadvantages. I received a letter from London in December, saying that a copy of a certain book would be sent to me at once. In January came a note from a foreign express-company down town, to the effect that the book had arrived, and in the absence of advice to the contrary, an appraisement would be ordered. A few days later came a bill, itemized as follows: Duty on \$12 at 25 per cent., \$3; Custom House fees, 20 cts.; cartages, 50 cts.; public store storage, 38 cts.; appraisement and entry, \$2. Total, \$6.08—subject to additional duty or refund.

I CONSULTED a wise friend on the subject, and told him I thought of letting the thing go by default. Then I changed my mind, and decided not to. 'But I shall certainly protest against so unfair a bill,' I said. 'In the first place, the price of the regular edition of the book is not \$12 but 2l., 2s., or about \$10.20, and this is a presentation copy, with a printed inscription in it to the effect that it is "Not to be sold." It is outrageous that one should have to pay \$6.08 for a \$10.20 book, presented to him by the publisher, for review, and not for sale.' 'So it is,' said my Job's comforter; 'but what would you gain by appealing? You might, after long delay, get the appraisement reduced to \$10, and thereby save fifty cents. That is all you could hope for, and it might take months to do it. Do you think the play worth the candle?' With the best grace possible under the circumstances, I sent to the express company a cheque for \$6.08, and received the book in return. What it cost the publisher to get it to me, I don't know. It is a handsome volume, and I don't want to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but for a 'present,' I feel that it 'came rather high.'

MR. W. G. WILLS has sent to Mr. Irving the last portion of his new drama, 'Don Quixote.' Mr. Wills has taken the same line of adaptation with Cervantes's hero that he took with Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' says the London correspondent of the *Herald*. 'The novelist has provided the skeleton, and the dramatist has contributed to it nerves, blood, muscle and fat. He says he has fitted the character of the Countess expressly to Miss Terry.' My impression was that 'Cervantes's hero' was meant to be deficient in 'blood, muscle and fat.' If Mr. Wills has made him a fat, full-blooded and muscular knight, Mr. Irving will have to adopt a peculiar make-up, to adapt himself to the part. In reconstructing Mephisto for the distinguished actor, Mr. Wills did not find it necessary to 'contribute blood, muscle and fat,' and I should think the contribution as uncalled-for in the case of Quixote.

I READ LATELY, in an advertisement of a new tooth-brush or tooth-polisher, a letter from a distinguished actress, who said that since she had tried the thing, some months ago, she had used it constantly. That is the regular formula for such recommendations. It doesn't do to say that you have tried a certain article and liked it: you must aver that you have 'used it ever since,' whether it be a tooth-brush, a patent-medicine, a new kind of soap, a hair restorer, a tonic, or a cosmetic without any arsenic in it. When I think how many proprietary articles every popular actress has been delighted with, and used to the exclusion of all others of the kind, I

am overcome with amazement at their industry. It must take several hours a day to put them to their various uses. It was a less energetic—as well as a less cleanly—man, who, in a colored advertisement I once saw, was depicted in the act of writing the following testimonial: 'DEAR SIR: I used a cake of your soap two years ago, and haven't used any other since'!

THE *Nacional*, of Mexico, announces that Mr. H. E. Watts, of that city, proposes to translate into English 'the most famous work of the immortal Cervantes.' This seems to the editor 'a difficult task'; and to illustrate its pitfalls he tells of a Frenchman who rendered the idiomatic phrase, 'tomo las de Villadiego,' applied to a man who has run away and hidden himself, by the meaningless sentence, 'Il s'est allé à la ville de Saint Jacques'—or, as we might say, 'He has gone to St. Jamestown'! I am less surprised at the *Nacional's* recognition of the difficulty of the task, than at its apparent assumption that it has never before been undertaken. Can it be that the editor of any Spanish-American journal is ignorant of the existence of English versions of 'Don Quixote'?

International Copyright.

A REVIEW of the whole question of International Copyright has been prepared for the March *Forum* by Mr. Henry Holt, the publisher. Mr. Holt's occasional writings and spoken remarks on this subject are among the clearest and most forcible that have appeared.

This week's *Christian Union*, in a vigorous editorial, makes the following suggestion, which ought to be taken up and acted upon all over the country:

What is now needed, in view of the inertia of legislators at Washington and their dependence on popular sentiment, is a vigorous expression of the popular feeling on this question. The press, which may be said to represent that feeling, is almost unanimous in urging upon Congress immediate action in this matter. We suggest that public meetings in the large cities would give still further expression and direction to public feeling. The copyright question is not popular in its character, but our confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the American people is so great that we are sure there are a sufficient number of persons already acquainted with the merits and bearings of this question, in our great cities at least, to make a popular agitation both practicable and serviceable. Authors and publishers have now spoken; it is time that the *vox populi*, which has such wonderful effect at Washington, should make itself unmistakably heard.

The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of the Brick Church, this city, preached to a large congregation in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, last Sunday evening, on 'The National Sin of Literary Piracy,' his sermon being a review of the International Copyright question in its moral aspects. Although the weather was stormy, Mrs. Cleveland was present, and there was in the audience a fair representation of Members of Congress. The sermon is the same one that Dr. Van Dyke preached in his own church on January 8. On Monday it appeared from the press of Chas. Scribner's Sons, in a five-cent pamphlet of which 10,000 copies have been printed. We made an extract from the address at the time of its first delivery, and make this further quotation from it now:

Ours is the only civilized Christian country on the globe which deliberately and persistently denies to foreigners the same justice which it secures to its own citizens, and declares that the intellectual property of an alien shall be forfeited and confiscated the moment it touches our shore or crosses our border. This nation says to the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman, 'You have written a book. We want it, and we propose to take it. You have no rights that we are bound to respect. We shall reprint your work, and mutilate it and sell it, and do as we like with it, and you shall never receive a penny for it.'

Observe what this means. It means that a foreigner is *hostis*—an enemy. This was the avowed theory of the old heathen world, and under its influence piracy became a lawful and profitable industry. 'Man, upon the waters, and the shark, in them, had a common right to feed upon what they could subdue.' A curious survival of this theory was seen in the last century in France, when there was a law in force by which all the personal property of a stranger dying in that country was confiscated by the king. But

to-day its sole relic is the peculiar shame of our own nation, which affirms that, in literature, piracy is honorable, and a foreigner is a foe who deserves no protection and no mercy.

This means, also, that our country is willing to discriminate against a class, and to perpetrate upon the author an injustice which it would not permit to be inflicted upon any other man.

Another appeal to American honesty and self-respect is made by the members of the Copyright League. We publish it in full, and believe that it will not fall upon deaf ears.

The American Copyright League, which includes among its members the authors of America, asks from all good citizens who desire the development of American literature and regard the good name of the American people, their personal and active aid in securing International Copyright.

The United States is at present the only nation, itself possessing a literature of importance and making a large use of the literature of the world, which has done nothing to recognize and protect by law the rights, international as well as national, of authors of whose production it enjoys the benefit. In declining to assure compensation to foreign authors whose books are read here, it has debarred itself from claiming for its own authors recognition and protection abroad, and it has placed them at a disadvantage at home suffered by no other American craftsmen.

International Copyright is needful:

1. To raise our own country to the standard of national morality and of international fair play maintained by all other civilized nations, now united in the International Copyright Union.
2. For the wholesome development of our national literature, now hampered by the fact that those who must earn their living by their pen cannot devote themselves to producing books if their products must compete with books on which no payment is made to the producer.
3. In justice to American authors, who ask for their products no government 'bounty' and no 'protection' in the sense of the privilege of taxing the products of foreign writers, but only a fair field for their own in this country and abroad, and a fair chance to make authorship in America a self-supporting profession, instead of a by-calling at the end of a day's toil in other fields.
4. In justice to foreign authors, who are entitled to receive from Americans who read and benefit by their books the same fair payment an American would expect to make on any other article, as clothes or pictures, which he buys from foreign producers.
5. In order to widen the circulation of the best new literature, American and international, by the lessening of price which would ensue, in the case of original American books, from distributing the first cost among the greater number of copies for which sale would be secured among American readers if they were not diverted by the cheap reprints of poor English novels; and in the case of books of international importance, whether from American, English, or continental writers, by giving a basis of law to business arrangements for sharing the expense of production among the several nations interested.

We have been told that the American people will not grant this justice lest it might prevent 'cheap books.' We believe, on the contrary, that the American people are willing to pay for what they get, and will agree that 'there is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by.' But the example of France and Germany, countries whose literature is fully protected by International Copyright, and whose books are the cheapest in the world, shows that the price of books depends not upon the copyright but upon the nature of the public demand. American readers want cheap books adapted to their special requirements. This demand will be met. Authors and publishers will profit by wider sales, though at smaller prices for the individual book. Any increase of price because of International Copyright will be almost exclusively in the cheapest issues of foreign fiction, un-American and in many cases undesirable for American readers, while no copyright law can in any degree affect the price of past or future editions of books already published. Translations of Zola's future novels may cost 50 cents instead of 25 cents, but as an offset for this misfortune, more American fiction will be sold, and cheap reprints of ephemeral English fiction will make way for decently printed editions, at a fair price, of American and the better class of new English novels.

We submit also that the term 'monopoly,' as used against copyright, is wrongly used. A monopoly, in the current sense of the word, is the setting apart by law of certain natural products or facilities, or of certain property of the commonwealth, which, in the absence of such a law, would be open to all. This does not apply to an author's control of his productions any more than to a shoe-

maker's control of the pair of shoes which he makes. The man who earns his living by his brain asks only the same fair play that is given to the man who earns his living by his hands. A domestic copyright to the writer of a history of the United States or an International Copyright to the writer of a history of England, debar no other author from writing a history of either country; it does not grant a 'monopoly.' The author asks only payment for the service he has done, and not for any restriction of the work of others; in fact, one reason for paying him is that it encourages others to write.

Every American citizen has a practical interest in this reform. We desire to impress upon Congress the fact that the public opinion of intelligent readers is in its favor. We ask each reader to do his part, either by joining the League, which welcomes readers as well as writers of books, or by signifying to its Secretary his willingness to sign the memorial for International Copyright, or still better by writing at once to his Senators and Representative in Congress urging them to vote for such a measure. The League appeals to the honor, the patriotism, and the business common-sense of American readers in behalf of International Copyright, and it believes that such an appeal will not be heard in vain by the American people.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *President*.
E. C. STEDMAN, *Vice-President*.
EDWARD EGGLESTON, *Chairman*,
G. W. GREEN, *Secretary*
(11 Pine St., New York),
R. U. JOHNSON, *Treasurer*,
THOS. W. KNOX,
R. R. BOWKER,
Executive Committee.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

AT the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum last Monday, the full Board listened to the report for the eighteenth year. The increase in the value of the possessions of the Museum during the past year amounted to \$681,908, making a present total of \$1,893,943. Legacies made, but not yet received, will bring the amount up to more than \$2,000,000. The number of annual members is now 1482. Since the Museum was organized, the Trustees have contributed \$471,000 towards its running expenses. The new building will probably be completed in the course of next summer. The necessity for largely increased galleries is strongly urged. The Egyptian collection continues to arrive in separate consignments, as well as casts in sculpture. Richard M. Hunt, F. W. Rhineland, and Hiram Hitchcock were re-elected as Trustees for the term ending February, 1895. John Taylor Johnston was re-elected President; Wm. C. Prime and Daniel Huntington, Vice-Presidents; Henry G. Marquand, Treasurer; and L. P. di Cesnola, Secretary.

The Architectural League and the American Institute of Architects have protested to the Sinking Fund Commissioners against the terms of the competition announced for plans for a building for criminal courts, etc., in this city. 'A competition of such magnitude,' it is urged, 'demands careful preliminary consideration at the hands of professional advisers of known ability.'

To everyone interested in art, and 'all business gentlemen' and other persons interested in the application of art to practical matters, Mr. John Ward Stimson, late Superintendent of the Metropolitan Art Schools, extends an invitation to listen to an address to be delivered by himself in Chickering Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, at prices ranging from one dollar to fifty cents. On the same platform Mr. William Henry Goodyear, late Curator of the Metropolitan Museum, will deliver a lecture on 'The Lotus in Historic Art.' The object of this entertainment is to interest the public in Mr. Stimson's plan for 'a New York university for artist-artisans.'

Mr. Townsend McCoun has published a plate of great interest and value, both historically and artistically. It shows the results of the latest explorations of the archaeological schools at Athens, as presented in drawings recently made by Mr. S. B. P. Trowbridge. It is entitled 'The Acropolis of Athens.' All the discoveries of the past few years, the wall-foundations of the north side, the large temple called the Cecropion, the remains of the Chalkotheke, the steps on the north side, and corrections in the walls of the Acropolis, are shown in this interesting chart, which thus brings together the results in the way of discovery achieved by the Greek Archaeological Society, by Mr. F. C. Penrose, Director of the British School, and by Dr. William Dörpfeld, Director of the German Institute. The plate is twenty-two by fifteen inches in size.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish a large lithograph portrait of Mr. Whittier, which shows him as he appears to-day in his green

old age. It is an entirely new portrait, and is considered by many of the poet's friends the most satisfactory likeness of him ever made. It is very accurate in feature and full of expression and character. The portrait was finished just as Mr. Whittier completed his eightieth year.

The collections of H. P. Kidder of Boston, James H. Van Alen of Newport and Edward Matthews of New York, were sold on Tuesday at the Fifth Avenue Galleries. Among the important pictures were F. E. Church's 'A Scene in the Tropics,' owned by Mr. Matthews, and twelve decorative panels executed by Galland, the famous French decorative painter, for Mr. Matthews's late residence in Fifth Avenue. Other fine American works were DeHaas's 'Coast of Cape Ann,' Bierstadt's 'King's River Cañon, Col.,' and a landscape by William Hunt. A Jules Breton, five heads by Joshua Reynolds and Madrazo, and examples of Stevens, Roybet, Leys and other French, German and Belgian painters, were among the best pictures in the collection.

At the auction sale of pictures contributed by members of the Artists' Fund Society for the benefit of their benevolent fund, which took place last week at the Matthews gallery, the sum realized was \$9150. Harry Chase's 'The Fair Wind' brought the highest price, \$310; Carl Hirschberg's 'Decoration Day,' \$308; 'The Old Letter,' by Frederick Freer, \$289; and Hamilton Hamilton's 'Flight of the Swallows' \$271.

The sales at the Water-Color already approach \$20,000, and the attendance has been very large. Henry Farrer's 'Close of Day' brought \$1000.

Part of the Charles F. Hazeltine collection was on view at the Moore gallery previous to sale by auction on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. Among the most important works were a Daubigny (a sunset), Israels's 'Waiting for the Boats,' 'Gérôme's 'The Vapor Bath,' Vibert's 'Gulliver Bound by the Lilliputians,' and a large picture, 'On Guard,' by John Lewis Brown. Schreyer, Detaille, Courbet, Troyon, Van Marcke, Gabriel Max, Coomans, and Chelmonski were among the artists represented.

At the sale of silver, ceramics and curios at the Fifth Avenue Galleries on Monday afternoon, a bronze mask of Napoleon, from a cast taken by Dr. Antomarchi, at St. Helena, sold for \$35.

The prizes of \$500 given by Mr. W. T. Evans and Mrs. Frank Leslie have been awarded to J. Alden Weir, for his figure-subject, 'Preparing for Christmas,' and Horatio Walker, for a gray landscape, with hogs. The choice was based on the value of the works to students.

The sales at the Etching Club Exhibition up to the end of last week amounted to \$1500.

A statue to the late Charles W. West, who founded the Art Museum at Cincinnati, has been erected over his grave. It is the work of an Indianapolis sculptor—John H. Mahoney.

The French journals announce the death, in his seventy-first year, of M. Adolph Siret, founder of the *Journal des Beaux-Arts*, member of the Académie Royale de Belgique, and author of the 'Dictionnaire Historique des Peintres.' The *Journal* will cease to appear.

The Albert Spencer collection will be on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Galleries from Feb. 20 until its sale by auction.

The *Art Age* for January is a particularly good number. The artistic matter, and the architectural, are of great professional and general interest. The illustrations are numerous and well executed. The 'Literary Gossip' is uncommonly clever, and the lines on 'The Untraveled Snob' may be read with profit by many well-meaning persons. The photogravure supplement reproduces Gauguin's 'The First Hearing'—a group of musicians in Eighteenth Century costumes. But the most important thing in the number is Hamilton Hamilton's large etching of a picture called 'The Click of the Latch,' by Frank D. Millet. It shows a girl looking out through the window of a picturesque kitchen. The story is well told, and the plate is in the best manner of this able reproductive etcher.

The Art Association of Montreal has declined a gift of \$10,000 because it was offered with a proviso that the Museum should be open on Sunday.

The Lick monument to Francis Scott Key, author of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' designed by W. W. Story at Rome, has arrived at San Francisco.

Death has put an end to the activity of that versatile genius, Edward Lear, author of 'The Book of Nonsense,' 'The Journals of a Landscape-Painter in Albania,' in 'Southern Calabria' and in 'Corsica,' of 'Illustrated Excursions in Italy,' 'Sketches of Rome and its Environs,' 'Illustrations of Parrots,' 'More Nonsense Pictures,' and 'Laughable Lyrics.' It was he whom Tennyson ad-

dressed as 'E. L. on his Travels in Greece,' on the appearance of his Albanian book in 1846. A few years ago Lear built himself a house on the Italian coast, and expected to enjoy the splendid view it afforded of the sea. He had hardly settled there when a large hotel was erected right in front of it, which utterly ruined the painter's prospect. This misfortune is said to have had so deep an effect on his mind, that he seriously intended removing to New Zealand. Of his unusual talents *The Athenæum* says: 'Rarely have pen and pencil been so happily wielded by the same hand. His poetic and technical gifts were, however, less remarkable than his infinite humor and keen-edged wit, expressing itself in a hundred quaint ways.'

—A sale of modern paintings by European and American artists of high rank, will be held at the American Art Galleries on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next, Feb. 21, 22 and 23. The estates of the late H. L. Donsman of St. Louis, the late W. W. Thayer of Brooklyn, and the late Louis Sauvour, were represented in the collection. Messrs. Schaus, Reichard and Durand-Ruel had pictures in the exhibition, and several private collections were included in the number of works sold.

The Magazines.

In *The North American*, Henry Cabot Lodge discusses 'The Fisheries Question,' with a timely reminder that the real question is not whether we shall fish within the three-mile limit, but whether we shall have the ordinary commercial rights in Canadian waters which we extend in our own ports to all civilized people, Canadians included. Gen. W. F. Smith, on 'The Genius of Battle,' makes the somewhat astounding claim that the adjective 'great' should be reserved exclusively for 'those who have won it by extraordinary success in leading armies to war,' because 'the great captain combines all the talents and genius necessary to make men eminent in other walks of life, and in addition he must possess rare powers of physical endurance and a personal courage which is exceptional in degree.' Ballard Smith, on the 'Political Effect of the Message,' claims that the Democratic party has accepted with unanimity and enthusiasm the issue made by the President on the Tariff. Lawrence Barrett writes that the future hope for the drama lies in leavening the ranks from below—practically a plea for the Schools of Acting that are making theatrical success evidently an effort instead of apparently an accident, and creating an *esprit de corps*, which shall respect the effort and keep it high.

Eugene Van Schaick, of the Knickerbocker Fencing Club, writes in *Outing* of 'A Bout with the Broadwords,' with illustrations from photographs. 'A Wallaby Drive in Australia,' by Allen Irwin, excites a novel wonder whether a 'wallaby' is some new kind of carriage, or an Australian jungle, or an animal, or a race of savages. We will not gratify the reader's whetted appetite more than by one quotation from the article: 'Every man who has killed a wallaby, proceeds at once to scalp it.' C. Bowyer Vaux contributes 'Some Facts and a Few Fancies on Ice,' Mr. Stevens's bicycle glides into China, and G. O. Shields tells us more about buffaloes. Two of the most entertaining things in the number are Gen. Marcy's capital article on grizzly bears, and Frank Dempster Sherman's graceful little story, 'The Romance of a Dead-Letter.'—*The Puzzler*, a monthly magazine of puzzles and game problems, appears under the auspices of Mr. N. D. C. Hodges, of this city, editor and publisher of *Science*. It gives eight puzzles, in checkers, chess, dominoes, rebuses, etc., in a neat little pamphlet convenient for carrying in the cars for amusement, and with blank spaces for solving the problems. We trust it is not expected of the critic to discover the correct answers; but we will cheerfully give the verdict that the puzzles are admirably fitted to puzzle.

Notes.

MR. L. J. B. LINCOLN, of the Deerfield Summer School of History and Romance, delivered on Monday afternoon, in the Assembly Room of the Metropolitan Opera House, the first of a course of lectures on American Literature; which he considers to have begun with Irving, Bryant, and Cooper. Mr. Lincoln takes issue on this point with Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, who carries his fine study of American letters back to 1607. A work produced on American soil by a yet un-Americanized Englishman, cannot, Mr. Lincoln argues, be accepted as part of our genuine native literature. Our early poverty (so sharply touched by Sydney Smith) in a growth which must spring from the rich soil of tradition, is to be explained by the severance of the settlers from the traditions of the Old World, and the impossibility of at once adopting those of the hostile Indian. It was to the native elements in 'The Sketch-Book' that Irving owed his acceptance by the British public—to 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' rather than to

his English studies. The lecturer earnestly urged on Americans acquaintance with their own literature, and sympathy with its moulding and inspiring ideas. He spoke, not as author or critic, but as a reader to fellow-readers. The lecture opened with a pleasant account of the village of Deerfield, Mass.

—Rev. Henry M. Field dedicates his new book of travels ('Old Spain and New Spain') to Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale was born on the same day as Mr. Field, and is sometimes 'pleased to speak of me (him) as a twin brother.' 'But I,' writes the latter, 'can only think of you as an elder brother, conceding to you the precedence by which you got the start of me at the very beginning of life.' Messrs. Scribner have Dr. Field's book in press.

—Davis Ross Locke ('Petroleum V. Nasby'), the well-known humorist, died on Wednesday at his home in Toledo. He is said to have been refused a commission during the War, for the reason that his pen was mightier than a thousand swords, and he could not be spared as a writer.

—The second volume of the Henry Irving Shakespeare (Scribner & Welford) contains, as additional text, Charles Kemble's condensation of the Three Parts of 'Henry VI' into one play, printed from Kemble's MS. in Mr. Irving's possession. This clever accomplishment of a difficult task has never before been published. In the same volume Mr. F. A. Marshall pays some well-deserved compliments to Mr. Daly's revival of 'The Taming of the Shrew.'

—An authors' reading will be given at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Feb. 27, for the benefit of the Longfellow Memorial Fund. Dr. Holmes, Dr. Hale, Col. Higginson, Mr. William Winter, Mr. C. P. Cranch, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, Mr. Arlo Bates, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Moulton are named as probable participants.

—The alumnae of Wellesley College have arranged an authors' reading in aid of the Norumbega Fund of the College, to be given in Boston on Monday afternoon. The ex-President, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, will preside, and Dr. Holmes, Dr. Hale, Mr. Bates, Mrs. Moulton and others will read from their own works.

—Early publication is promised of several volumes in Macmillan & Co.'s series of historical biographies of English statesmen. The first, 'William the Conqueror,' by Prof. Freeman, is set down for March 1; 'Wolsey,' by Canon Creighton, for April 1; and 'William III.,' by Mr. Traill, for May 1. 'Oliver Cromwell,' by Frederic Harrison, and 'Henry II.,' by Mrs. J. R. Green, will follow.

—Dr. Francis Hueffer is preparing an English edition of the 'Correspondence between Wagner and Liszt,' which appeared recently at Leipzig.

—London boasts a successful female bookseller in the person of a Mrs. Bennett, whose sign swings at the corner of the New Turnstile, in High Holborn. Mrs. Bennett is the widow of a provincial bookseller who left her with 30*l.* at his death. She came to London and began business on a small scale, but has prospered and now employs three young women assistants. Her specialty is rare and second-hand books.

—Mr. Frank R. Stockton, who is spending the winter in Washington, is described by the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* as having 'an interesting face, with a kindly smile that drives away an expression of weariness that is apt to take possession of it. His forehead is broad rather than high, with a large vein running down the middle. His black hair and mustache are becoming flecked with gray. He has a slow, soft way of speaking, with a very even and musical voice.' The only thing that Mr. Stockton is tired of is the question, 'Was it the lady? or the tiger?'

—On Mr. Howells's departure from Buffalo, the *Commercial* of that city says: 'He has won the cordial personal liking of a large number of Buffalonians who have had the pleasure of making his acquaintance during his stay among them, and there is reason for suspecting that time has not been allowed to hang too heavily upon his hands in his hours of leisure.'

—Sir Henry Thompson's essay on 'Diet in Relation to Age and Activity' is published by Cupples, Hurd & Co. from the tenth London edition.

—M. Henry HARRISSE, an 'avocat à la Cour Suprême de New York,' in a letter addressed to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction and published by Donath of Genoa, proposes to celebrate the coming four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the publication, in magnificent form, of all the original letters and other writings of Columbus now in existence relating to his great discovery. He wishes the Italian Government to aid him in bringing to light documents which may be in the archives of small towns, or in private hands, and not known to students generally. He desires that the writings in question, properly annotated, shall

be printed in an edition of 500 copies, in quarto, on Voltri paper, to be distributed gratuitously to the principal public libraries of Europe and America, any publisher being at liberty to bring out an edition or translation of his own, for sale. His own 'Letter,' as printed by the Tipografia Marittima, of Genoa, may be regarded as an attractive example of what the proposed work would be, as a monument of Nineteenth Century printing.

—Prof. Francis W. Kelsey and Prof. Zenos, of Lake Forest University, Ill., are preparing a school edition of Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' on the same plan as Prof. Kelsey's 'Gallic War,' which has met with so favorable a reception. It will appear in the summer.

—Over a year ago there appeared in the local columns of the Newark *Sunday Call* a story which contained facts stranger than fiction. In the course of the narrative the reporter wrote: 'What a great plot for a novel Wilkie Collins would find in such an incident, if his imagination could only have conceived it, and he be presumptuous enough to solve a mystery by employing a fact so wildly improbable!' Recently a copy of the paper was sent by the writer to Mr. Collins, and the following letter has been received in reply:

90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.,
LONDON, 19 Jan., 1888.

MY DEAR SIR—I am recovering from an attack of illness and most of my letters are written for me by another hand. But I must personally thank you for the very remarkable and interesting story which you have so kindly sent to me. The incident marked with a blue pencil is so dramatic and (to me) so entirely new, that I really hope to find an opportunity of making use of it. In that case it is, I trust, needless for me to say that the yet unwritten story will find its way across the Atlantic to express its sense of obligation to you as it best may. Believe me, very truly yours,
WILKIE COLLINS.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins is about to leave the house in Gloucester Place, London, which he has inhabited for twenty-one years, in consequence of his lease having expired. He has taken a house in Wimpole Street. Besides the usual household gods, he has a large and valuable library to move, and a number of invaluable pictures. The gem of his collection is the Bay of Naples, by William Collins. Sir Robert Peel offered the painter 5000 guineas for it, and on that being refused, vainly requested him to name his own price. Says *The Pall Mall Gazette*:

Every one will be sorry to hear that Mr. Collins is again suffering from his old enemy the gout, which has pursued him with fiendish malignity for years. The famous novelist once related to me with his own lips the history of 'The Moonstone,' and said that some of the most entertaining scenes of that exciting novel were dictated when in the grasp of the gout-devil. If gout is the enemy of his old age, ghosts persecuted him when he was young, so that the life of the popular novelist has not been all beer and skittles. 'When I was writing "The Woman in White,"' said Mr. Collins, 'I often used to take up my work a little before midnight and work into the small hours of the morning. Then the most horrible monsters, with green eyes, frightful fangs, and lolling tongues, would meet me on the staircase and follow me to bed, not once, but night after night. Of course they were the result of overwork, and a rest banished them from my overwrought brain.' I remember asking Mr. Collins how he came by Count Fosco, the only fat villain in fiction. 'He was an agglomeration,' replied the novelist, 'and I made him fat because a lady once made the remark to me at a dinner party that no novelist could make a really lifelike fat villain.'

—Mr. Henry R. Elliott, a New York journalist, will make a study in the March *Forum* of the leading American newspapers, showing what proportions of their space are given to religion, to crime, to literature, to art, to sport, to the markets, and to editorial comment.

—Cassell & Co. promise early publication of 'Manners,' a 'pocket dictionary of etiquette,' prepared by 'a lady well-known in New York's best society.' 'There would be a flutter along Fifth avenue,' it is said, 'if the author's name went with the book.' It is not a compilation, but is the result of the writer's experience as a woman accustomed to the best usages of society from childhood.

—Mr. Sidney Colvin is about to follow up his life of Keats in the Men-of-Letters Series with an edition of the poet's letters to his family and friends (not including his letters to Miss Fanny Brawne). The edition will contain many additions to and corrections of the received text, with notes, prefatory essay, and engraved portrait.

—Vol. XXIII. of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' which brings the work down to 'Ups,' will be published in March. Among the principal articles may be mentioned:—Tasso, by Mr. Symonds; Technical Education, by Sir Philip Magnus; Temple, by Dr. W. Robertson Smith; Typography, by Messrs. Hessels and Southward; United States, by Profs. Johnston and Whitney and General F. A. Walker; and Universities, by Mr. Bass Mullinger. Messrs. Scribner import the work. Lord Salisbury has granted a Civil List pension of 75*l.* to Mrs. Baynes, the widow of Prof. Baynes, the former editor of the Encyclopædia.

—The next novel in the Byrnes-Hawthorne series will be called 'Section 558, or the Fatal Letter.' It is said to be the best of the series.

—Judge Tourgee's 'wonted fires' are 'only covered, not out,' we are told. Fords, Howard & Hulbert will shortly publish a story from his pen entitled 'Black Ice,' which is said to contain some notable character-studies, 'with incidents of flood and field that make the pulse beat quick.'

—Charles Dickens and the Stage, by T. Edgar Pemberton, which is announced in London, contains chapters on 'Dickens as an Actor,' 'Dickens as a Dramatist,' 'The Stage in His Novels,' and 'The Stage in His Letters.'

—Mayor Hewitt will preside at the seventh annual public meeting of the Charity Organization Society at Association Hall on Monday evening, the 20th inst. A summary of the Annual Report will be presented, and addresses are expected from Bishop Potter, Messrs. James C. Carter and Frederick R. Coudert, and Prof. Richmond M. Smith.

—Announcement is made by T. Y. Crowell & Co. of a new work by Prof. Richard T. Ely of Johns Hopkins. It is entitled 'Taxation in American Cities and States,' and will appear early next month.

—Mr. E. P. Roe's publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., announce the third edition (32d thousand) of 'The Earth Trembled,' published in October last. They are now printing a cheap edition of 100,000 copies of 'An Original Belle.'

—Miss Hapgood has translated for *The Independent* a story of Tolstoi's, called 'Laborer Yemelyan and the Empty Drum.' It is said that the story 'has never been printed in Russia or elsewhere, and exists only in one or two manuscript copies, one of which was furnished Miss Hapgood by a friend of Tolstoi, with the latter's special permission, he having made her, since her arrival in St. Petersburg, the authorized translator of all his works.'

—Mr. Stevens, the bicyclist, who recently put a girdle round the earth, has arranged with Messrs. Scribner here and Sampson Low in London, for the publication of the second and concluding volume of 'Around the World on a Bicycle' about the end of April.

—The New York Local Committee on Harvard Examinations for Women desire to raise a scholarship of \$6000, the interest of which shall be applied toward defraying the college expenses of whatever candidate the authorities at Harvard College shall find to have passed the best examination among the women who presented themselves in that year in New York. Small sums, as well as large, will be gladly received. Contributions may be sent to Miss Ellen Collins, Treasurer, No. 41 West Eleventh Street.

—Three more volumes will complete Mr. Bigelow's admirable edition of Franklin, which Messrs. Putnam are publishing. The last will probably appear in May or June.

—Announcements made by J. B. Lippincott Co. include 'Stanley's Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pasha,' compiled from his letters, by M. Wauters; 'Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors,' in four volumes, by Charles Morris; 'The Merchant of Venice,' the seventh volume in Horace Howard Furness's Variorum Edition of Shakespeare; a 'Cyclopædia of Diseases of Children, and their Treatment, Medical and Surgical,' by J. M. Keating, M.D.; 'Pleasant Waters,' a story of Southern life and character, by Graham Clayton; and 'Over the Divide, and Other Verses,' by Marion Manville.

—Mr. W. F. Taylor will shortly publish, in a limited edition, a volume of Coleridge's marginal notes, compiled from the volumes formerly in the poet's possession, and now in the Library of the British Museum.

—A monument to Landor has been set up in St. Mary's Church, Warwick. It includes a bust in alabaster, which the poet's relatives describe as an excellent likeness. The inscription reads:—'Walter Savage Landor, born at Warwick Jan. 30, 1775. Died at Florence Sept. 17, 1864.'

—Among the directors of the new club, the Players, are Augustin Daly, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, A. M. Palmer, Brander Matthews, Henry Edwards, Laurence Hutton, Judge Joseph H. Daly and William Bispham. These, and S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Gen. Sherman, Joe Jefferson, John Drew, John A. Lane and Stephen Henry Olin are also among the incorporators of the organization, whose objects are 'the promotion of social intercourse between the representative members of the dramatic profession and of the kindred professions, literature, painting, sculpture, music, and the patrons of the art; the creation of a library relating especially to the history of the American stage, and the preservation of pictures, bills of the play, photographs, and curiosities connected with such history.'

—Mr. Lowell's new book of poems, 'Heartsease and Rue,' will bear in England the imprint of Macmillan & Co.

—The Baldwin Lectures recently delivered at the University of Michigan by Prof. William Clark, of Toronto, will soon be issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. under the title of 'Witnesses to Christ.'

—Washington's Birthday (Wednesday, Feb. 22) will be observed by our Welsh fellow-citizens by the annual Eisteddfod, at Association Hall. At the two sessions (afternoon and evening) over \$700 will be awarded in prizes for literary and musical productions and performances. The number of literary competitors this year is 165, and of musical over 100. There will be a choral competition; also some pennillion singing, and other distinctively Welsh 'features.'

—In the seventh line of our review of some recent classical textbooks last week (p. 66), the names Hentze and Teubner were printed 'Heutze' and 'Treubner.' In the fifth line of the second paragraph, 'Book E,' should have been 'Book I.'

—Iverson, Blakeman & Co. have issued a very pretty pamphlet describing the standard botanical text-books of the late Prof. Asa Gray, of which they are the publishers.

—Gray's 'Botanical Text-Book,' so-named, demands special notice, says the last number of *The Athenæum*, 'as containing the clearest and best account of the morphology of flowering plants that exists in the English language.'

—A new edition of Thomas Starr King's lectures, entitled 'Substance and Show,' will be issued shortly, at a reduced price, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; who also announce a Life of Hon. Amos A. Lawrence (one of the merchant princes of Boston, and held in honored remembrance for his generous activity in securing the freedom of Kansas), by his son, Rev. William Lawrence.

—The next volume in the American Statesmen Series will be Theodore Roosevelt's 'Gouverneur Morris.'

—'Reincarnation' is the title of a forthcoming work by Mr. E. D. Walker, of New York, who treats in a popular way the doctrine of metempsychosis, showing how it has been held by Eastern writers, and what arguments and suggestions on the subject have appeared in the writings of English and American authors. The book will be published soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—From her husband's library Mrs. James T. Fields has made for the March *Scribner's* a paper of reminiscences entitled 'A Shelf of Old Books,' dealing especially with Leigh Hunt and his friends, Shelley and Keats. Annotations and inscriptions by distinguished men are reproduced in fac-simile from some of the old books. Mr. Stevenson's monthly essay will picture several unusually eccentric beggars whom the author has known.

—The *Bookworm* remarks that 'there are probably more English and American collectors of Dickens than of any other author, and warns them to 'beware of "fac-simile reprints" of the genuine first editions.'

—Dr. Murray reports that over 100,000 slips were sent in by readers for the Philological Society's Dictionary last year, 40,000 by one alone—Mr. N. Douglas. Part IV. is in proof as far as 'Carbon.' More good sub-editors are wanted, it is said; and 'readers of modern novels and American authors, like Hawthorne and Lowell, whose promised readers in the United States have failed.'

—E. L. Kellogg & Co. say that they have issued during the past two years about 85,000 copies of their Catalogue of Books for Teachers, in which some 300 books (nearly forty being from their own press) are indexed and described.

—Vassar College has received, through the children of the late James Harper, a gift of all the works of American history which have been published by Harper & Bros. The givers are James Thorne Harper, Mrs. Henry B. Willard and Miss Lizzie Harper. It is hoped that this will be the nucleus of a valuable library of American history. This section will be known as the Harper Alcove. Mr. Harper was one of the first Trustees of Vassar, in 1865, and his daughters were students at the College. Vassar has just established a Chair of History, to which the library will be a valuable adjunct.

—Messrs. Ditson & Co. have just published a guide to the Nibelung Trilogy, by Octavia Hensel. It is based on the work of Hans von Wolzogen, and contains many leading motives in musical type.

—Dr. J. M. Crawford of Cincinnati announces that he has translated the 'Kalevala,' the epic of the Finlanders, into English, and will soon publish the work in two volumes. It is said that Longfellow took the metre of Hiawatha from this poem.

—Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus,' 'French Revolution,' 'Heroes and Hero Worship,' and 'Past and Present' have been added to a new and neat edition of Bohn's Library, and are sold even in this country at a very low price. The publication of this Library was begun forty-one years ago. It now numbers 700 volumes, of which it is said about four million copies have been sold. No selection of books ever deserved its success more than this.

—A venerable Englishman named Heaps, a maker of violins, had a patriotic desire to make a violin for Mr. Gladstone out of the wood from a tree chopped by the ex-Premier's own hands. After considerable effort, Mr. Heaps was invited to Hawarden to select the tree for Mr. Gladstone to fell. A sycamore was chosen, and a log big enough to make a dozen instruments was forwarded to the maker's house. The old man at once began his labor of love, and a lot of the wood was cut and dried. But the aged man was stricken down before he could complete the preliminary work. His dying wish was that the last violin he had constructed should be sent to Mr. Gladstone, together with the 'toughened out' parts of the sycamore.

—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel has begun a series of four lectures on the history of the pianoforte and its literature, at Miss Porter and Miss Dow's young ladies' school at Farmington, Conn. The first, on 'The Precursors of the Pianoforte,' was given on the 9th inst. The others will be 'Development and Perfection of the Sonata' (March 16), 'The Romantic School' (May 4), and 'The School of To-Day' (June 1). The lectures are 'musically illustrated.' Thus, at the first, Mr. Bernard Boekelman played very old-fashioned music upon a clavichord and a virginal. At the second he will use a piano; and at the third and fourth, respectively, the performers will be Mr. Richard Hoffman and Mme. Fanny Bloomfield.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1320.—Who wrote the following lines to Shelley?

What shape of beauty glided through thy dream,
And oped thine eyes wide with an awed delight?
What vision sweet hath kissed thee in the night?

NEW YORK.

S. B.

Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

An Unlaid Ghost. 50c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Barrows, Wm. The United States of Yesterday and of To-morrow. \$1.75	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Bits of Knowledge. 4c.	John B. Alden.
Brydges, H. Uncle Sam at Home. \$1.25.	Henry Holt & Co.
Buck, D. D. The Law and Limitation. 50c.	Phillips & Hunt.
Caine, Hall. The Deemster. 50c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Cameron, C. J. Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death. 50c.	Boston: Alex. Moore.
Cleveland (President), and Others. What shall we do with it? 50c.	Harper & Brothers.
Curry, D. Commentary on the Book of Job. \$2.	Phillips & Hunt.
Cutler, Wm. P. and J. P. Life, Journals and Correspondence of Rev. Manasseh Cutler. 2 vols.	Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Dawson, J. W. Story of the Earth and Man. 50c.	John B. Alden.
Dawson, J. W. The Geological History of Plants. \$1.75.	D. Appleton & Co.
Denison, T. S. The Man Behind. \$1.50.	Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Dorchester, D. Christianity in the United States. \$4.50.	Phillips & Hunt.
French and Dutch Loan Collection, Edinburgh. 27. 2s.	Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable.
Galdós, B. P. Leon Roch. Tr. by Clara Bell. 2 vols.	Wm. S. Gottsberger.
Gallaudet, E. M. Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. \$1.75.	Henry Holt & Co.
Harris, W. T. The Right of Property, etc. 25c.	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Hopkins, M. The World's Verdict. \$1.50.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Howells, W. D. Their Wedding Journey. \$1.50.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Jacques, M. J. Pranks and Pastimes. 50c.	Chicago: T. S. Denison.
Kinglake, A. W. The Invasion of the Crimea. Vol. V.	Harper & Brothers.
Kingston-Beatty, W. Monarchs I have Met. 50c.	Harper & Brothers.
Long, J. H. Slips of Tongue and Pen. 60c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Mac Alister, J. Catalogue of the Pedagogical Library, Philadelphia.	Phila.: Burk & McFetridge.
Maclaren, A. Colossians and Philemon. \$1.50.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Michel, O. M. Planetary and Stellar Worlds.	John B. Alden.
Owen, C. Gentle Breadwinners. \$1.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Peabody, A. P. Harvard Reminiscences. \$1.25.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Phoebus, V. C. Lost on an Island. 80c.	Phillips & Hunt.
Phoebus, V. C. Young Folk's Nature Studies. \$1.	Phillips & Hunt.
Rand, E. A. Sailor Boy Bob. \$1.25.	Phillips & Hunt.
The Art of Investing. 75c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Rowbotham, F. R. The Death of Rowland.	London: Trübner & Co.
Saint-Pierre (de), B. Paul and Virginia. Tr. by Clara Bell.	Wm. S. Gottsberger.
Stuart, Geo. Raison d'être of the Public High School. Reprinted from Education.	
VanDyke H. J., Jr. National Sin of Literary Piracy. 5c.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Whipple, E. F. Outlooks on Society, Literature and Politics. \$1.50.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Young, J. B. Days and Nights on the Sea. 40c.	Phillips & Hunt.